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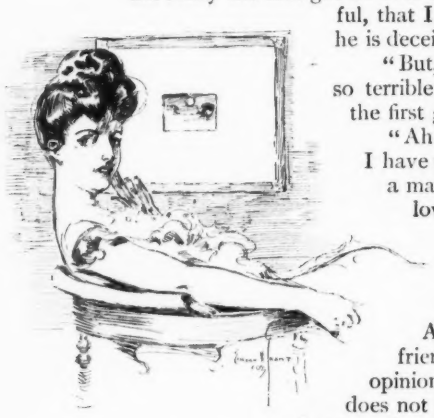
VETO POWER
GOVE
CHAIRMAN REP. STATE COM.
LEGISLATIVE FAVORS
LEGISLATIVE FAVORS
LEGIS
CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

THE BENODELLOCINCH.

THE LATEST THING IN POLITICAL MONSTROSITIES.

NOT A HOPELESS CASE.

"ALAS!" said the beautiful girl. "He has sworn to me that I am really the first girl he ever loved! And he is so noble, so truthful, that I can not look into his eyes and think he is deceiving me!"



"But," said her friend, "is there anything so terrible about it? Suppose you are really the first girl he ever loved."

"Ah! What a misfortune! I know—for I have made a study of this question—that a man does not marry the first girl he ever loved—not once in a million times! And why should I expect to be the exception to a rule almost universal? What must I expect but that he will m-m-marry somebody else." And she sobbed convulsively until her friend managed to suggest that, in her opinion, the principal reason why a man does not marry the first girl he ever loved is because she won't have him. This view brightened her up considerably, and in half an hour she was eating chocolate caramels with comparative cheerfulness.

Wm. E. McKenna.

WAR NEWS.

The news of the day from the seat of war is unaccountably delayed, but the denials of it have been duly received, and these indicate that something, the exact nature of which may only be conjectured but which is clearly of extreme importance, is not doing.

VLADIVOSTOCK.—The Russian navy was not completely destroyed by a hand grenade thrown from the shore.

DALNY.—Cossacks did not swim their horses into the Yellow Sea and defeat a fleet of Japanese cruisers.

Our Paris correspondent cables an authorized interview with a cabman of the Bois de Boulogne which throws a flood of light on the attitude of Europe.

IMPROVIDENCE.

Though he has n't a cent to his name,
He could still face his equals in life.
'T is this adds the sting to his shame—
He has naught in the name of his wife!

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

FARMER BENTOVER.—D' ye notice, Ezry, that that feller, Lazzenberry, that bought the old Fullenwider place, always seems to try to avoid tellin' anything about his family or his early life?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Eh-yah! I 've heard a hoarse rumor that his father was a Populist.

UNMADE HISTORY.

The great discovery of the age, however, was the discovery that money was radio-active, giving off $-rays.

The X $-rays, it soon transpired, played a much more important part in the scheme of life than either the X-rays or the N-rays.

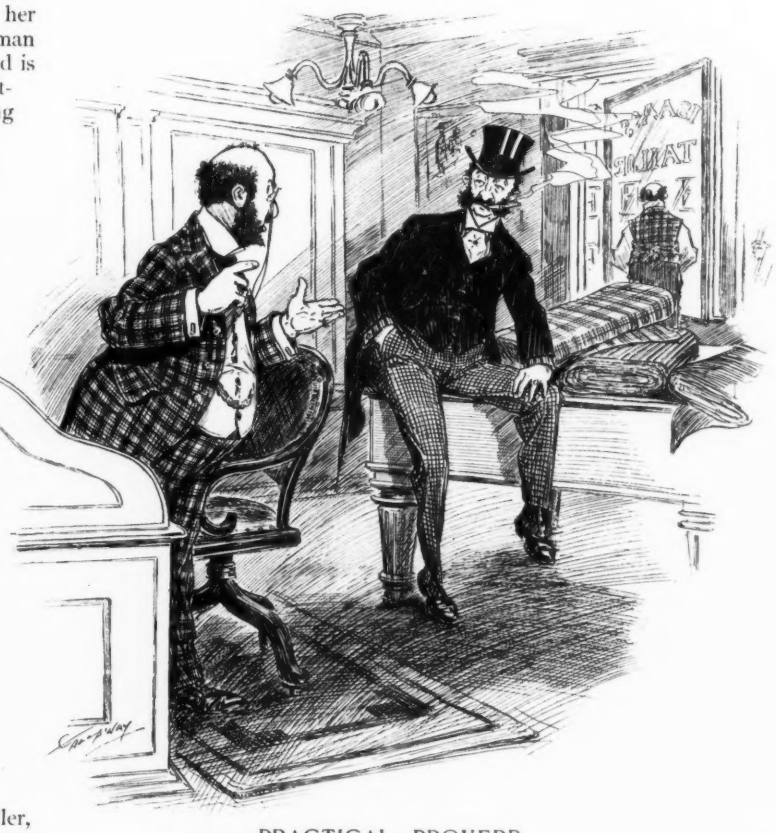
Indeed, as now appeared, life in any true sense would hardly be possible, without $-rays. It was $-rays that made the surgeon operate, the novelist write, the society woman entertain, Congress legislate, and Wagner to be performed in New York.

Some scientists claimed that money could be made to communicate its activity to animals of the lower orders. Their experiments with mares were very interesting, but not conclusive.

SEA.

"You Democrats seem to be all at sea."

"Well, not quite as far out on the Bryany deep as we were."



PRACTICAL PROVERB.

ISAACS.—I don't take much shtock in sbontaneous gombustion.

COHENSTEIN.—Me neider. I believe dat vere dere vas shmoke dere vas chenerally a firebug.

A woman who knows how to talk and how to keep still, may, if she has infinite tact, intelligence, poise, reserve power, brains and courage, become a good listener.

THE FUR BEARERS.

Fur Bearing Women range the northern part of the continent during the cold months and can be seen on the street, in horse-cars and carriages, in all stages of expense, from red fox to sable.

One of the instincts of Fur Bearing Women is to wear the fur of those animals that have been hunted to death so much that they have practically become extinct, thus making them cost more money.

If the rabbit was more scarce than the sable, its fur would be as high in proportion.

At present, rabbits are a drug on the back, but who knows? The external vigilance of the human exterminator may make its fur worth wearing in any smart set. Fur Bearing Women take cold easily, being readily overheated, but this being in fashion they rather like it.

Upon the prospect that the wild animals may in time all be murdered, Fur Bearing Women have taken to wearing the wool of baby lambs. To secure these skins, the mothers have to be incidentally knocked on the head, but they do not mind this, as it is for fashion's sake.

Some day there will be no more furs to bear. This will be in the time when there are no more animals to love and cherish for the sake of what can be torn away from them.

But, really, they hold out very well, considering the demands of Fashion.

Tom Masson.

HEARTLESS.

THE PUPIL.—Now, I want you to be perfectly candid with me. Do you think my technique is getting better?

THE PROFESSOR.—Perhaps; but it 's far from convalescent as yet.

SUPPLIES.

"Junk dealer," I remarked, glancing over his stock in trade.

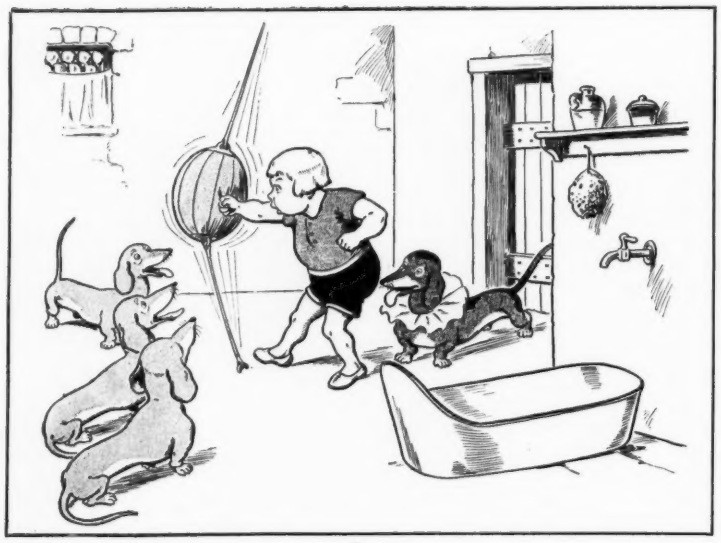
The man was pained. His look left no doubt of that.

"No, sir," he replied, with dignity. "I am a contractor for postal supplies."

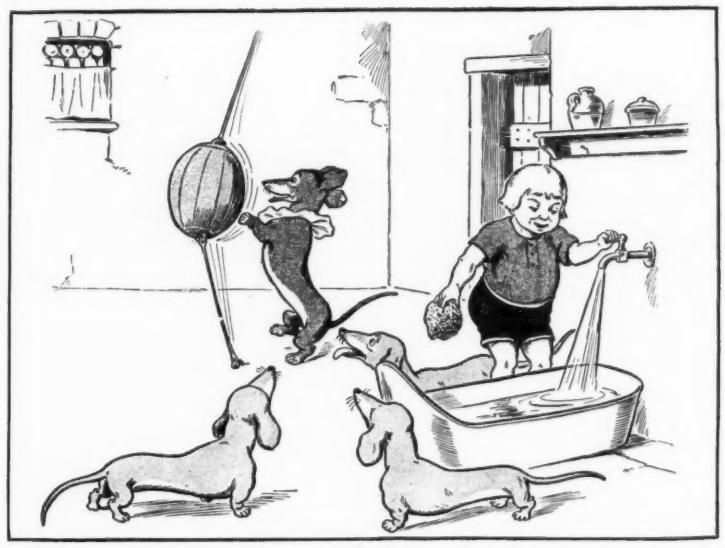
I had to confess that my ignorance of public affairs disqualified me from speaking as confidently as I had spoken.

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

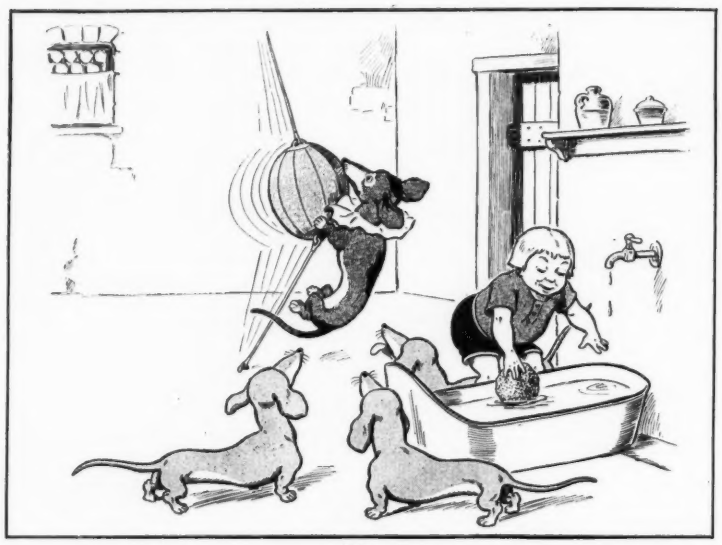
No. 35.



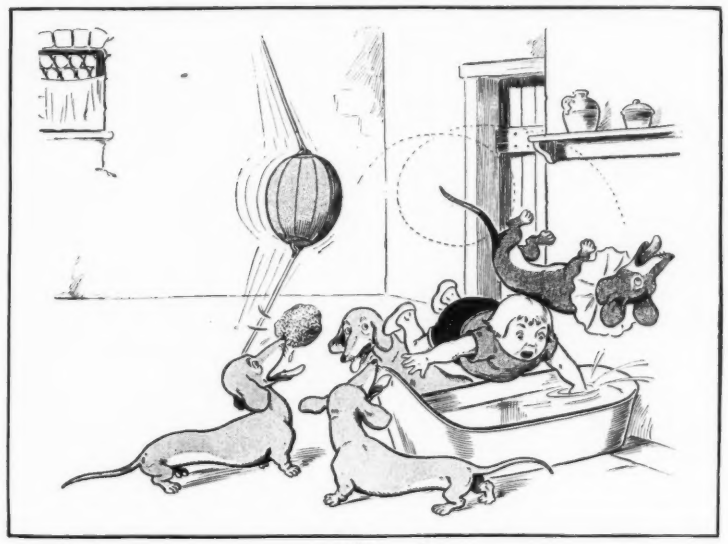
I.
"In the practice of athletics," Hans declared, "no man should lack
The bag that, when you hit it hard, is sure to hit you back.



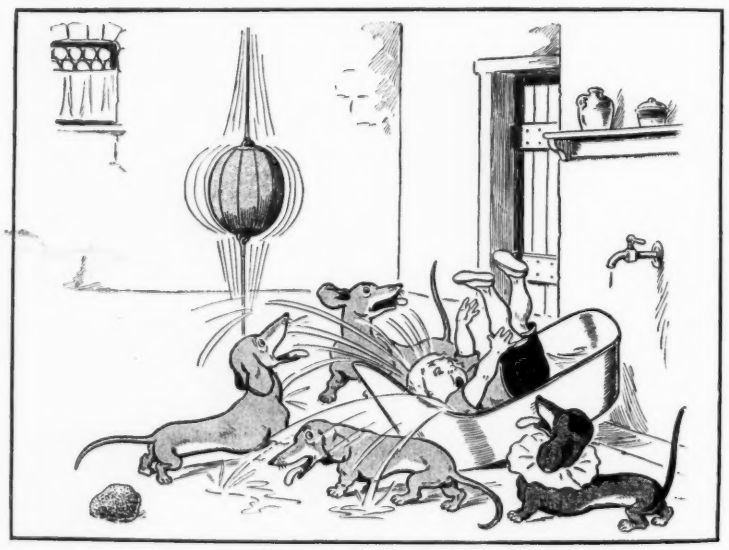
II.
"It 's delightfully uncertain, though you 'd scarcely call it luck,
And you never know," he prattled, "whereabouts you 'll next be struck.



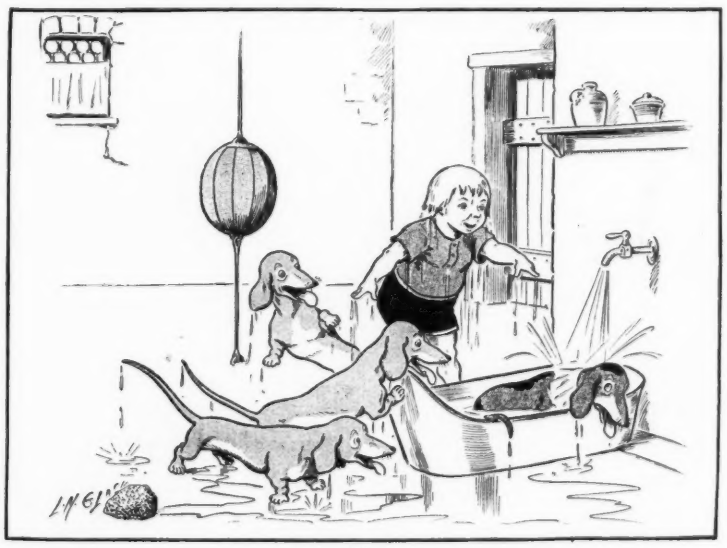
III.
"Yes; in fact, I am so used to swats of every kind and sort,
That any unexpected rap I now regard as sport."



IV.
"My! How fortunate!" thought Dackel, "when he might get mad instead;
What a lot of sport he 's having since I landed on his head.



V.
"And if," he meditated, "that is Hans' idea of fun,
He will doubtless praise me fondly for the favor I have done.



VI.
"Well, he never once said 'thank you,' but he dumped me in this tub—
I 'll resign, that 's what," said Dackel, "from this Dutch Athletic Club!"

Art in literature is the art of getting a thought into people's heads by shaking a rattle in front of them.

A PITCHER'S LIFE BY PARAGRAPHS.

(Culled from the Base-Ball column of "The Daily Grind.")

APRIL, 1898.—Bill Phoolem, the local team's star twirler, is authority for the statement that he never felt better in his life than he does this Spring. He is in fine shape; fit to jump into the game the minute the bell rings.

APRIL, 1899.—The local team reported to Manager Foxzee yesterday. Every man is in prime condition, especially long Bill Phoolem. This will be good news, indeed, to the cranks, as Bill was in poor shape all last season. "The soreness in my pitching wing," said Bill, "which handicapped me in every game last year, has entirely disappeared. I can truthfully say that I never felt better in my life."

APRIL, 1900.—Manager Foxzee of the local team received a letter yesterday from Phoolem, the pitcher. Phoolem is at Hot Springs, Ark., where he has been since February, thawing out his rheumatism. He writes: "The weakness which held me back all last season is wholly gone. And otherwise, too, I 'm in prime shape, ready to jump right in and pitch the game of my life. I know how it 'll sound, but I 'm not exaggerating when I say that, at this season of the year, I never felt better."

APRIL, 1901.—Long Bill Phoolem dropped in at the *Grind* office yesterday afternoon. He says he has perfected a new cross-fire curve which is bound to prove a winner. But what is still better news, Bill is bound to prove a winner himself this season. His arm has been under treatment by an electrical specialist since last October and now feels stronger than ever. Those who know Bill's appetite for box-work know it was no desire to shirk on his part that limited his appearance last year to one game a fortnight.

APRIL, 1902.—The locals held their first Spring practice on the home grounds yesterday. The air was somewhat chill, but the players, to a man, were well bundled up in sweaters. Phoolem, the veteran twirler, did not let his arm out often, but occasionally he sent up a sizzler, which showed that he is still in the game, despite last year's glass arm. In an interview with the *Grind's* base-ball reporter, the old man said he felt like a two-year old. "I 've got 'em all on the run this season," was the way Bill expressed it.

APRIL, 1903.—Phoolem, who antedates history in base-ball matters, tossed up a few during the practice yesterday, but sat on the bench during the game. The muscles in Bill's arm, which he strained in the opening game last April, have been very slow in mending. Except for the sore muscles, however, and the Charley Horse, and a bad cold, Phoolem is in excellent trim. He expects to take his regular turn by July. Phoolem never was a cold weather pitcher.

APRIL, 1904.—Manager Foxzee has released pitcher William Phoolem to the Hellandgone Club of the Montana State League. He has signed a new twirler, Speedemup, who has all the ear-marks of a star. The new pitcher warmed up in the practice yesterday and appears to be in prime condition. He says he was never in better shape.

A. H. F.

HOW OFTEN.

"It takes three generations to make a gentleman, they say."

"Yes; the first makes the dough, the second makes high connections, and the third makes an ass of itself."

A PARALLEL CASE.

"Golly! Dey oughter tackle dat bait, even if dey runs a chance of gittin' cotched. I know if I seen a chicking hangin' 'roun' like dat, *I 'd* take a chance of gittin' cotched!"

SOP.

The objections of the church people to Sunday races did not disturb the manager, however. He knew something of the Sabbatarian sentiment, having conducted many series of sacred concerts.

"We 'll include a steeplechase in our programme," said he.

WORDS.

Hear him. His words are fairly drunk by the multitude.

Why are his words so drunk?

Because they are intemperate, it is likely.

"TWINKLE, TWINKLE."

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
People wonder why you are
Featured on the bills so high!
You 've an "angel,"—
that is why!

THE PROPER PERSON.

JUNIOR PARTNER.—I suppose we had better say in our "ad" that we want a man of experience.

SENIOR PARTNER.—No; advertise for a man without experience; then we can teach him something.

AT THE HORSE AUCTION.

"Some of these horses are quite expensive."
"Yes, but the most expensive horses are not the ones you buy. They are the ones you bet on."

A drop of ink makes millions think; conversely, where millions think, there's likely to be a drop in ink, since thinking persons don't write so much.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AGAIN, THE UNEXPECTED. A COINCIDENCE, to be lifted from the commonplace, need possess neither oddity nor solemn portent. It may be merely funny. For a coincidence in the lighter vein, we are mildly indebted to Mr. Jerome, his opinion of Tammany, the reformed, having cleared the way nicely. Mr. Jerome believes, and candidly says so, that Tammany is trying to be good. He is convinced that those at the head of it are honest in their wish for respectability. "As for organizations," he remarks, "there are only two, Tammany Hall and the Republican organization; and as far as political tone goes, commend me to Tammany Hall." Thus, verbatim, were his words set down, and no doubt they are both reasonable words and abounding in fact. But do they not vividly call to mind, and with little extra effort on the mind's part, the celebrated words of Mr. Grout last Fall? For phraseology, we can not vouch, but these sentiments, we know, were then the Controller's: "Fusion this year is nothing more or less than Republicanism, and between Republicanism and Tammany Hall, my preference decidedly is Tammany." Then, with neatest dexterity, it will be remembered, he flopped. And Mr. Jerome, for the rest of the campaign, was relentless and unsparing in his platform attacks upon him. Herein, we submit, the coincidental is neither dim nor far-fetched. Though small in importance, it is large in drollery. Is it a tardy acknowledgement on Jerome's part, of the Controller's superior judgement? Or a strictly individual conclusion, reached without assistance?

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR. GOVERNOR ODELL is strongly and properly fortified against all sorts of calumny; though being no purer than ice, nor more chaste than snow, he can not hope, wholly, to escape it. His defamers are notably industrious, but from his present position on Capitol Hill, the Governor may regard them with a species of indifference, not to say amusement. He has points in his favor that are quite unassailable; as, for example, his rugged independence. In which respect, it may truly be said that, on no subject, has the State Boss ever a policy or an opinion, which is not the Governor's policy or opinion first. The head of the State machine does nothing, says nothing, *is* nothing, in fact, without first obtaining gubernatorial permission. Likewise, the Chairman of the Republican State Committee. He is all obedience. The Governor's attitude is at all times the Chairman's attitude; the Governor's thought is the Chairman's act; the Governor's will is the Chairman's law. A governor, in truth, so free from the fetters of the "higher-up" has seldom been seen. The fact that Odell is Boss, Chairman and Executive, in one man combined, is trivial and irrelevant. As is also the fact that he is his own "higher-up."

ONE WAY TO DO IT. THERE is one huge objection, it seems, to a reduction of the tariff on Philippine products. If tariff rates should be lowered, and our ports opened, the Filipinos undoubtedly would avail themselves of the opportunity and send us the very products which they raise at home. They would send us sugar and tobacco, for example, and hemp: staples that they grow and have to sell. And the coming of these to our busy marts would inevitably force certain trusts to meet competition; something which would never do in the world. Consequently, there is an awkward pause in the negotiations. Indeed, when we reckon the interests at stake and con ider the power they wield, the delay, we comprehend, may be long in terminating. Still, for all that, there is a way out, if we will but take it. Let tariff concessions be granted to the Philippines upon all products which are neither raised or made there. Thus, even with a lowered tariff, the inroads caused by Philippine competition would at no time be dangerous or hurtful to American industries; least of all to the handlers of sugar, hemp and tobacco. To deal generously with those whom we have benevolently assimilated, is obviously a duty of the plain variety. And in the aforesaid simple manner may we perform it expeditiously.

AT THE SEWING BEE.

THE sewing bee duly convened;—
To *charity's* service it leaned,
But tongues with the needles kept pace;—
A phonograph also was there,
Running on, in a spirited air,
With the tattle that flooded the place.

A gossip at last held the floor,
And told all she knew—and some more,
The song of the phonograph gone;
But still whirled the cylinder fast,
Kept up with each word to the last,—
And ah! the recorder was on.

Margaret Sullivan Burke.

HONOR.

"The nation defaults?"
"Certainly. Our people can't possibly pay such a debt."
"Why did you borrow the money?"
"To defray the expense of the war."
"But you had no hope of victory?"
"None whatever."
"Why then did you go to war?"
"It was necessary to fight in order to save the national honor."

IN FURNISHING their nest, the generous and thoughtful man will not omit a collection of beer-steins. These enable the bride to say to herself: "Ah, what vice have I wooed him away from!"

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

THE CHIEF.—And the missionary claims that his brand of religion is the only genuine article?

HIS CONFIDENTIAL MAN.—That 's what he says, Your Excellency. He warns us to beware of imitations.

AS TO BREAKS.

"Me darter, Maggie, can play thirteen pages of 'Faust' on th' pianny without a break, Mrs. Flynn."

"Well, that 's th' koind av a pianny to have, Mrs. O'Toole—fer a girl loike Maggie."

TO-DAY.

"Has Mrs. Upperten many children?"
"Yes—she has one."

A SURE WAY.

"Why did you borrow that ten dollars of Jagsby? You surely did n't need it."

"No; but he 's such a deuced bore, I wanted some plausible excuse for not noticing him on the street."

CUPIDCULTURE.

HOW FARE the flowers, Gardener?
My rounds I make—the year 's astir—
To speed each beauty on its way,
Ere enters, blithe, our Lady May,
And Summer's fairest harbinger.

'T were needless, quite, to ask you, Sir:
I 've passed no garden handsomer;
A glance will tell, this glowing day
How fare the flowers.

And should I meet a worshipper
Of blossoms rare, to him or her
A hint I 'll softly drop and say:
"Make haste to Cupid's spring display
Perchance there 'll come a customer,
So fair the flowers.

A. H.

OF SPRING SPROUTS.

?
s astir—

ask you, Sir;
dsomer;
owing day
ers.

et a worshiper
to him or her,
ly drop and say:
o Cupid's spring display!"
ll come a customer,
he flowers.

A. H. F.

DELICATE WORK.

TED.—Is Sawyer a clever doctor?

NED.—Very. He can tell a woman patient she needs to take beauty exercises without offending her.

A RURAL NOTION.

AUNT HETTY.—Cousin Millie writes from the city that she has joined the Rainy Day Club.

UNCLE HIRAM.—What do they do—pray for rain?

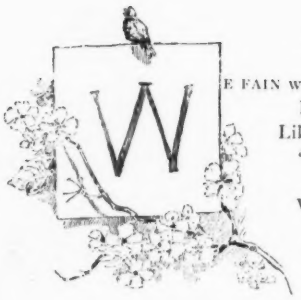
NO PUBLICITY.

THESPIS.—How did the star come to discontinue her divorce suit?

FOYER.—Why, the Judge said he would give it a private hearing.

THE PRIMROSE PATH.

THE GOVERNESS.—But you must pay attention to the notes!
FLOSSIE.—But it 's awful hard. I wish Mama 'd let me learn to play by ear!



THE WORLD'S TRYST.

WE FAIN would walk abroad with Spring,
Impatient to begin it;
Like other fair ones sweet, she calls:
"I 'm ready in a minute!"

We fret, and fuss, and watch the clock,
The minutes larger looming;
Spring dons a robe of tender green,
A dash of faint perfuming.

And when at last she comes to us,
So fair do we behold her;
So radiant and beautiful,
We have no heart to scold her.

McLandburgh Wilson.

ILLUSTRATION.

The morbidly curious are asking, "Why illustrations which do not illustrate?"

For strong and confident minds the esoteric has always its appeal.

Nor do such, moreover, find no light thrown on the passage, "With an infinitely womanly gesture, Marian," by the picture in ten or a dozen colors of a wooden woman and a brass samovar, when in point of fact the whole subject of sex in gesture, and the bearing thereon of tight sleeves and military stays, is opened up and illuminated.

As for the frivolous, they are interested in the person by her picture. They wonder if her gown is Foulard or Crêpe de Chine, or, it may be, how she fixes her hair. They read. They encounter the guessing contests and the historical allusions. They are drawn deeper. Almost before they know it, they are able to speak of the book, and qualified to converse in exclusive circles.

As justly ask, in this age of predigestion, "Why foods which do not feed?"

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

MR. PARROT.—Great Scott! Here comes Miss Horn-bill and this is leap year.

There is a difference between doing good and making good.

THE DOCTOR.

THE PRESCRIPTION is mightier than the sword.

A physician's wealth may be called ill-gotten gains.

His diploma is a license to collect pay for running a guessing contest.

Why will they keep on finding new germs? None of the rest of us are advertising rewards for lost germs.

When the legislature really wants to do something sensible, it should make it legal for us to pay our doctors' bills by returning the calls.

A physician making out a prescription for himself may be said to be writing an autobiography—at any rate, he is at work on his own life.

Don't contradict your family physician when he tells you that you can not live till morning. Man, man, don't you suppose he knows what he gave you?

When a doctor's medicine can successfully compete with a circus parade in pulling a boy out of a sick-bed, he is no longer a physician—he 's a magi.

The old doctor can readily be distinguished from the young doctor, even in the darkest night, by asking him a question. The old doctor is n't so overwhelmingly, rambunctiously sure about everything.

Tom P. Morgan.

WAR.

The constant warfare between the good microbes and the bad microbes was the very principle of human life, and all went well until there arose among the microbes a cult who regarded war as a solecism.

"Let us," urged these advanced microbes, "submit our differences to arbitration."

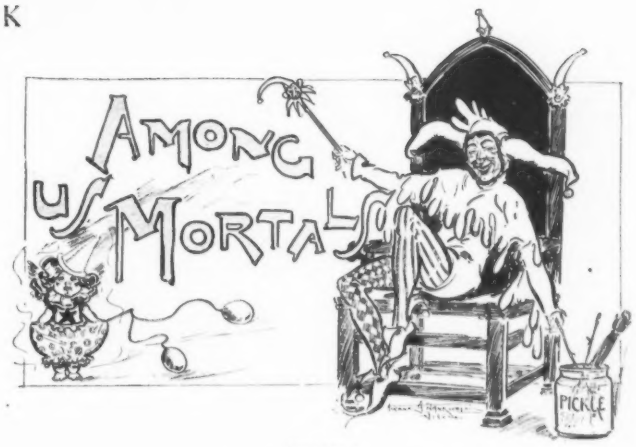
Now this seemed, from the point of view of the microbes, a very proper and profitable thing to do, and it was accordingly done.

But mankind being in their turn the microbes of a larger life, the ends of Providence were thrown into some disorder.

GEOLOGY.

HIS LITTLE SON.—Pa, what is a geologist?

MR. PURSEPROUD.—A geologist, my son, is a person who is interested in the wrong kind of rocks.



WHO?

A savant, who observed that the toucan
Ate nothing but fruit, exclaimed: "Who can
In conscience maintain,
Provided he 's sane,
That one can live cheaper than toucan?"

SUPPORT.

HER FATHER.—You expect me to support Julia indefinitely?

HER HUSBAND.—Well, I hope you may stand from under very gradually, sir.

THRIFT.

The wolf listened at the keyhole a moment and assumed a deferential, not to say cringing attitude.

"Genuine Scotch dialect!" he exclaimed, and withdrew to a distance.

CONFIDENT.

Then he cursed her.

"You will eat your heart!" he cried.

She shivered. But in the next moment she was angry with herself.

"I am a vegetarian!" she said, with serene confidence.

VOGUE IN BABIES.

"My baby cries," faltered the woman, with quivering lip.

I pitied her, sincerely.

"I have read that old-fashioned babies are likely to come in again," I said.

I lied, of course, but it comforted her, and that was enough.

UNLUCKY.

PUBLISHER.—Your book is fine up to the seventeenth chapter. After that it is mere drivel.

AUTHOR.—Sir, it is my misfortune, not my fault. Just as I was beginning the seventeenth chapter, I discovered, quite accidentally, what I was driving at.

HINT.

We show the Duke about New York.

"This," we explain, "is Wall Street."

His Grace yawns.

"Er—where is Brad Street, dontyeknow?" he asks.

The ladies of the party are much agitated; it is the first hint our distinguished guest has let fall.

FIGURE.

"Your figure will commend you to the king," quoth I, with secret pride.

"Except my knees."

"Your knees, boy?"

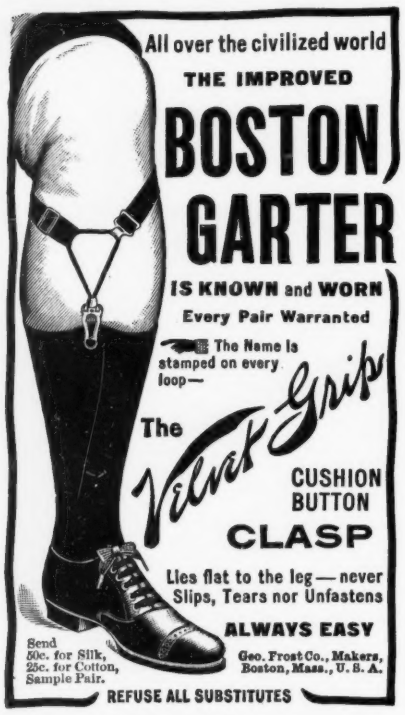
"Ay, they will knock, I doubt not!" exclaimed Mordaunt, who was in his discourse and manner of thought at once of the seventeenth and twentieth centuries, as is customary with the personages of historic fiction.

P. R. Benson.

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.



BUNNER'S SHORT STORIES

SHORT SIXES.
Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.
A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

MADE IN FRANCE.
French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

MORE SHORT SIXES.
Illustrated.

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NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

"Oh my, yes, he 's away up in Shakspere."

"Is he? I should n't have guessed that he had ever read a line of Shakspere."

"That 's strange. Have n't you noticed that every little while he says 'in sooth?'"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

SIZED UP.

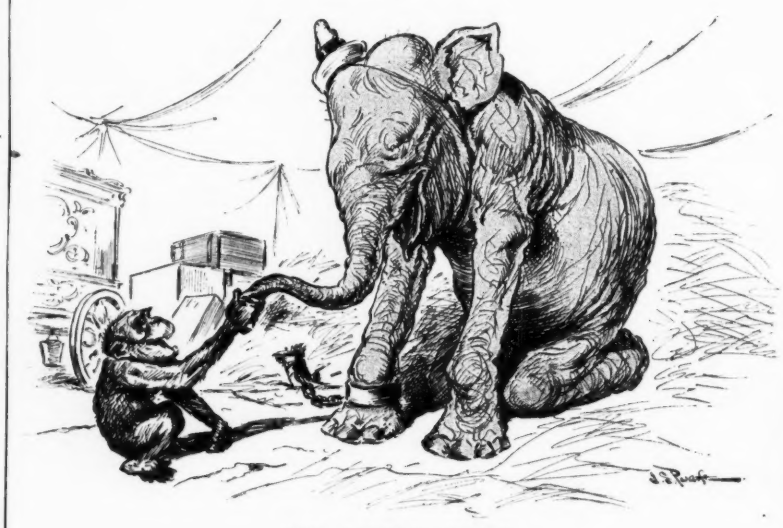
MRS. BACON.—I see by this paper that the average family in the United States has four and seven-tenths persons.

MR. BACON.—I suppose I 'm the seven-tenths in this family.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

AMENDED.

"Oh my!" groaned the tramp, who had been induced to saw a little wood, "dis is hard work, lady."

"Well," replied the Boston lady, "you know the Scriptures say 'man must earn his bread by the—er—perspiration of his brow.'"—*Phila. Ledger.*



HIS LITTLE GAME.

"May I congratulate you, Tusks, on being chained up?"

"Certainly. I 'm just cultivating the idea that I 'm wild and dangerous, so I won't be bothered learning circus tricks."

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"Wonderful! How do you do it?"

"It is only necessary to pension them off after they get to be sixty or seventy."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

SPRING AND LOVE.

Fair Spring the poet's heart enthralls,
Inducing thoughts intense;
And e'en the small boy sighs and scrawls
His "girl's" name on the fence.
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

LAURA.—Cooking-schools are becoming very popular now. You know they are only of recent invention.

CORA.—Oh, I see; there 's no chance to refer to the schools that mother used to go to.—*Yonkers Herald.*

SURBRUG'S **Arcadia** MIXTURE.

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ANXIOUS TO HELP.

HE *(after the honeymoon)*.—Has your father said anything about helping to provide a home for us?

SHE.—Oh, yes, indeed! He said that when we had a home of our own he would buy me a cook-book and allow mother to come and teach me how to use it, even if it took a year.—*New York Weekly.*

DISCOVERED.

JESSIE.—How in the world did you discover her age?

BESSIE.—I asked her at what age she thought a girl should marry, and she promptly said not before she 's twenty-seven.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

REV. DR. GOODMAN.—I 'm so sorry your husband is n't here, Mrs. Smith. I 'm afraid you forgot to tell him I intended to preach to-day on municipal problems.

MRS. SMITH.—Indeed I did not. I told him that the last thing, but he said he would stay at home and read his Bible.—*Ram's Horn.*

OLD GRUMPS.—So you have a promising future, eh?

YOUNG SLIMKS.—Oh, yes; I already have your daughter's consent to our marriage.—*Yonkers Herald.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

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SHE.—You 're such a model young man, Mr. Sapling. Would you sooner be right than be president?

HE.—Er-ye; but if you marry me—er—I will do just as you say in the matter.

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AS RUDE BOYS DO.

Quoth Tommy: "Why 's the Winter wind
Called 'rude' I 'd like to know."
"Perhaps," said little Bess, "it is
Because it whistles so."
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE FRENCH HORN.

YEAST.—Did you ever try to use a French horn?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Why, yes; I 've tried Cognac after dinner.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"WHAT will be the outcome of this Panama controversy, do you suppose?"

"Oh, it will all end up in mud slinging."—*Yonkers Herald.*

STILL AT LARGE.

"Gee! Bloody Bob escaped again? I t'ought he was gone sure dat time!"
"Well, I 'd a-t'ought so, too, only dis ain't half t'roo de book."

SLIM.—I would n't mind being a squirrel.
TRIM.—A squirrel?
SLIM.—Yes. He finds the secret of life in a nutshell.—*Yonkers Herald.*

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* * *

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Look for the name "Dr. Siegert," and refuse cheap substitutes that are offered for the sake of larger profits.

PROFITABLE TO ONE ONLY.

"To make a bargain taketh two"
The adage says, and yet it
Seems very strange since it is true
That only one will get it.
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

BETTER ACCOMMODATIONS.

"The cars are not so crowded now in the mornings," said the first West Philadelphian.

"Think not?" replied the other.

"No, indeed! Why, I had a whole strap to myself coming in this morning."
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A MAN by the hand is worth two by the ear.—*Ram's Horn.*

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SUMMER HOME CARPETS, MATTINGS AND COTTON RUGS.
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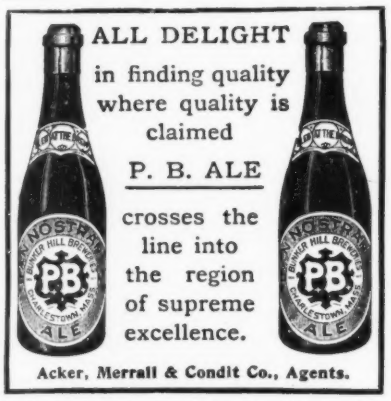
ARTISTIC INTERIORS.

DR. BUDD.—I have been looking at some artistic interiors, to-day.

DR. MUDD.—House-hunting or X-ray examinations?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"ALL dat some men gits out of an education," said Uncle Eben, "is de ability to talk foolishness grammatically."—*Washington Star.*



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NOT SO DENSE.

"The population here," said the British visitor to the Bowery, "is very dense, I suppose."

"Oh, I don't know," replied his guide. "They can see a joke quicker than some people."—*Phila. Ledger.*

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GOOD WHISKEY
It's up to YOU
FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
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ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

HICKS.—The way Bragley talks of providing for his wife he seems to think nothing too good for her.

WICKS.—H'm! And the way he actually provides for her he seems to think nothing is good enough for her.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

SIZING HIM UP.

"What is a press censor, Pop?"

"Why, a press censor, my son, is a man who knows more than he thinks other people should."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

LOOKS THE OTHER WAY.

"Kloseman says he does n't know you at all."

"I 'm not surprised at all. He never sees me, you know."

"But I thought you said you were members of the same church."

"Yes; but I invariably take up the collection."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

WHAT, NEVER?

"You should never say done, my child; you should say did," corrected the mother, while she was cooking the noonday meal.

"All right, Mama," said the child. "Mama, is the dinner did yet?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

MRS. SCRAPPINGTON.—On account of the rain, the festival given by the ladies of the church, last Wednesday night, resulted in a loss of seven dollars and ten cents.

MR. SCRAPPINGTON.—But just think of the trouble that would have arisen over the profits, if there had been any!

An Exquisite Flavoring
For lemonade, water-ices, grape fruit, Sherry and all fancy drinks is Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

A HARD SHOT.

"Gee whiz! Dumley is mad this morning."

"Yes. His boy's teacher sent home word yesterday that the boy's composition was the worst she ever read."

"Wounded his pride in his son, eh?"

"No. In himself. Dumley wrote it for the boy."—*Phila. Ledger.*

GETTING EVEN.

"I want to look at a cheap skate," said the man at the door of the hardware store.

"Very sorry," said the hobo who had just been turned down and who was leaving the store; "but the boss just stepped out."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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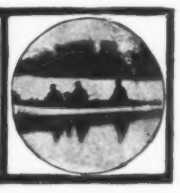

EVANS'
You may stand the bottle upside down or lay it on its side; Or shake it up, or shake it down, It stays the same inside.
No Sediment.
ALE

SECOND IN COMMAND.

YEAST.—You know a man's house is his fortress.

CRIMSONBEAK.—Yes; and if he 's married he 's only second in command.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"TRIED to skin me, that scribbler did!"

"What did he want?"

"Wanted to get out a book jointly, he to write the book and I to write the advertisements. I turned him down. I was n't going to do all the literary work!"—*Ram's Horn.*

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A PARTICULAR LADY.

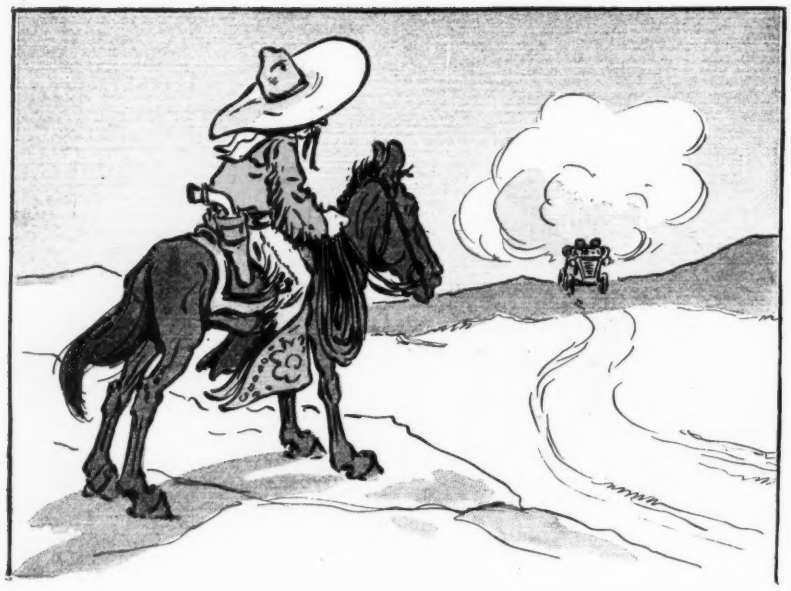
MRS. NURITCH.—I think I 'll take this watch. You 're sure it 's made of refined gold.

JEWELER.—Certainly.

MRS. NURITCH.—Because I do detest anything that ain't refined.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"I UNDERSTAND there 's no limit to Smith's income."

"Should n't be surprised; he 's the greatest borrower I know of."—*Yonkers Herald.*



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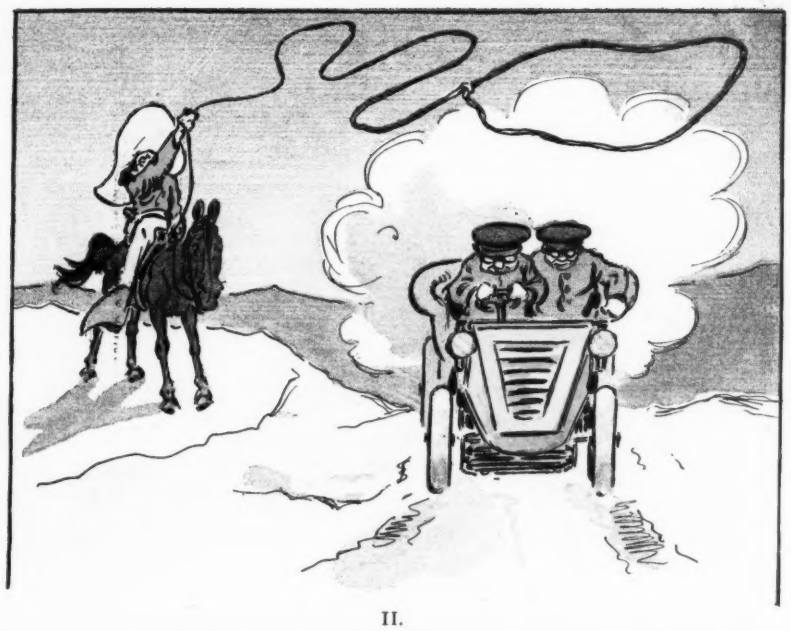

II.

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

ROPED IN.

How Lariat Lem Got It Good in the Bad Lands.